

SALE OF OUR STOCK

Damaged by fire, smoke and water, yet contains great values. Everything in the house marked in plain figures on large white tag. We have left thirty-nine 9x12 Axminster Druggets, in splendid patterns, Oriental and floral designs. These were slightly damaged by smoke. Our stock also contains the following great values:

First Floor

27 Sideboards, very choice designs.
11 China Closets, medium and high grade.
15 Extension Tables, medium and high grade.
7 Ladies' Desks.
9 Music Cabinets.
6 Combination Bookcases.
9 Chiffonniers, in oak, mahogany and walnut.
6 Roller-Top Desks.
4 Bookcases.
5 100-piece Dinner Sets.
7 Morris Chairs.
29 Rockers, oak and mahogany.
5 Kitchen Cabinets.
17 Fancy Centre Tables.
14 Hallracks.

Second Floor

27 Chamber Suites, in oak, mahogany and walnut.
11 Wardrobes, in oak, mahogany and walnut.
14 Odd Washstands.
19 Odd Dressers.
18 Parlor Suites, 3 and 5 pieces.
72 Rugs, assorted sizes.
73 pairs Lace Curtains.
32 pairs Comforts.
49 Enamelled and Brass Beds.
47 rolls Matting, Jap and China.
19 10 and 12-piece Toilet Sets.
23 Lamps.
67 Assorted Pictures.
9 Mantel Mirrors.

Third Floor

Entire stock of Linoleum and Oil Cloth.
8 Leather Couches.
9 Bed Lounges.
4 Davenport.
7 Trunks, assorted sizes.
9 All-Felt Mattresses, best grade.
7 Combination Mattresses.
14 Husk and Cotton Mattresses.
Odd stock of Springs for wood and iron beds.
Window Shades of all kinds.
Feather Pillows and Bolsters.

Fourth Floor

Our Stove Department, which contains all kinds of Ranges, Cook Stoves and Heaters, in which you will find the very best makes.

The Pitts Furniture Company, Inc., 1429 East Main Street.

BRYAN POEMS

Bryan.
Hurrah for Billy Bryan! He's a Demo-
crat indeed.
He is just the honest, solid head the
working people need.
He watches all the greedy trusts and
makes them fear to live.
He wants us all to have a chance and
fair return to give.
Let every vote be cast for him who
values freedom sweet—
Line up for Billy Bryan and make vic-
tory complete! MRS. W. E.

William Jennings Bryan.
Beloved of millions! I would pen
A lyric to thy praise.
He spokesman for devoted men,
Of glory catch the rays

Which crown that noble head of thine
With endless, fearless fame—
Nay, more, in verse I would enshrine
The love that glids thy name.

Star of the West whose brilliant light
In such high splendor rose,
The star that still illumines the night
And terrifies its foes.

I saw thee first in life's young day,
Beginning to be known.

Whose lips in youth had power to
sway;
Men hung upon their tone.

The years went by, thy name arose
Respectfully and higher.
Despite the malice of thy foes,
Of such as stab for hire.

His aim is high, is true to it
As needle to the pole,
He lov'd the people, loves them yet,
Love's them with all his soul.

The Union in her palmy days
One now in Bryan sees,
Her Henry of undying praise,
Her born Demosthenes.

The proud distinctions of our State,
Distinctions we revere;
Her eloquence in high debate,
Her statesmen, wise, sincere.

Are reproduced in him to-day,
In him who will not cower,
Nor bend the knee to lucre's sway
Nor crutch before its power.

And yet no foe to honest gain,
Despite what others say,
His motto, "Let the people reign;
His servants them obey."

In public life no private greed
Obscures his vision clear,
He understands the people's need.

Points to it without fear.

He stands for what is true and sound,
Nor brooks dishonest gain,
Whose sense of honor feels the wound
Of but the slightest stain.

The storms of calumny and wrath
Are poured on him in vain;
He will not turn from Duty's path
Nor fawn that he may gain.

Devoted of mercenary aim,
Aye, open as the day,
There is no blot upon his fame,
Naught to explain away.

Bryan! thou savior of that race,
Of that imperial day,
When Clays and Websters set the pace
That marked the statesman's way.

Go onward in your great career,
Despising specious arts,
True to thyself, thy strength is here—
Within the people's hearts.

DUVAL PORTER.

Democracy.

Well versed in law, philosophy and art,
I stood toward the perils of the
State,
Serenely conscious that I could impart
Ripe wisdom to the councils of the
great.

Safe guidance and a policy profound,
Far-seeing, consummate and wise,
Assured my larger knowledge could
expound
The problems of the times and other-
wise.

Promote my country's glory. But,
behold!
The herd, the mob, ran counter to
my way
Like silly sheep that spurn the safer
fold—

The steaming herd, the raucous mob,
I say,
Who nor of noble leading nor of light
In all their multitudes of saving
trace

Might altogether show. A sorry plight
Had fallen on the times when thus
a race
Of brainless bipeds cast the die of
fate.

A thoughtless throng, that merely
as a mass,
So many tons of gross, material weight
And gross momentum, overturn,
all!

The wisdom of the wise, the luminous
thought
Of reason and the ripe experience
Of patriot and sage, nor caring aught
Nor conscious of their country's
existence.

I bore the spiteful sting of Destiny
With what serene philosophy I might,
Or hopelessly the mood, or heavily,
That time would heal my country's
serious plight.

Events and years in ever-changing
guise
Passed in procession like a marching
throng.

Until I saw—unspeakable surprise!
Good heavens! the mob was right
and I was wrong!
A serious plight.

Ben, Va. **BENJAMIN C. MOOMAW.**

A Song of Love.
(Written for the Sunday Times-
Dispatch.)

A small nest hung in an old peach tree,
curled up like a wee maid's
bonnet.

A tiny egg lay within its depths and
a tiny bird sat on it.

The nesting bird her soft eyes turned
to the swaying branch above her
And watched her mate as he rocked
and sang "I love her! Oh! I love
her."

"'Twas sweet May-time, and the pink
peach blooms had opened with
a smile of wonder
To see the Spring in her robe of green
as she passed the peach tree
under."

The roses red and the lilies white stood
straight in their new-found
splendor.

The heliotrope, with its fragrant
breath, leaned over the violet
tender.

The soft, bright eyes of the nesting
bird had turned to the scene be-
low her.

And thus she chirped to her saucy
mate as the wind-swayed branch
bent lower:

"'Tis well to sing when the heart is
young, and life is a-shine with
beauty;
But shall we sing when the heart
grows old, bowed down with a
load of duty?"

"Love's song is sweet in the budding
spring, but what of the chill Nov-
ember?"

And will its notes ring as clear and
true when whitens the bleak De-
cember?"

Her mate looked down from his airy
perch on the bloom-filled bough
above her.

And made reply in the same sweet
strain: "I love her! Oh! I love
her."

Her birdling came and her birdling
went, while earth blossomed fair
around her.

But still she clung to the empty nest,
content where the springtime
found her.

And still her mate, as of old, looked
down from the leafy branch
above her.

And gaily curled his springtime song,
of love her! Oh! I love her."

But when the breath of the autumn

blew and chilled all the sweet,
warm weather,
She called her mate, and they spread
their wings and fled to the South
together.

And, as she flew through the frosty air,
with a cold, gray sky above her,
She heard him sing in the dear old way,
"I love her! Oh! I love her."

Let birds and men and the whole
round world love on, while the
heart grows lighter.

For love will turn all the bitter sweet
and make all the joy seem
brighter.

"Twill change the dark into wondrous
light and soften the sternest
duty."

"Twill all this life with a glad content
and crown all the earth with
beauty."

JULIA R. HENNING.

The Lover's Moon.
Before man's race had yet begun
Your beauty drove the chastened sun
From heaven's pathway, clear and
bright,

To hide its face in sombre flight.

But tender grace and softer light
You first gave on that wondrous night
When Adam braved before your shrine
The range of hell and wrath divine.

The face of earth in darkness slept
For one brief hour before you swept
From lowering crags and woodland
hills

To flowered brooks and chanting rills.

One instant in your heavenly flight
You paused, and then effulgent light
Caresing, warm with potent deep,
Awakened from sweet Nature's sleep.

Within the garden where he lay,
The first man, formed of earth and
clay.

"'Twas then that Adam, awed and still,
At first beheld with living thrill
Eve's perfect form, her warm with life,
That was to cause our endless strife,
Your glorious light, her mystic charm,
That did the laws of God disarm."

You have at times your golden page
Revealed to man from age to age.
'Twas thus your radiance touched with
red

Fair Helen's hair before she fled
With Paris to the Trojan lair
Or breathed in Sappho visions fair,
And Myrtis held in wave and fold,
While Pindar sang of love untold.

Last night it seemed, when with my
love
You gleamed with kindness from
above,
No mortal power our fates will gauge;
By these alone shall we abide.

For well we know in ages past,
On distant shores, by heaven's cast,
Our spirits, that with fate had striven,
Were here, this moment, made and given;
That time would hold our love in trust,
That you would wake the silent dust,
And to our souls a rapture bring,
For us love's four—eternal spring.

L. H. VAN NESS.
Box No. 1400, New York.

Going Home.
"Man is but the little boat
That paddles down the stream."

O, when I began this journey
The sun—it was shining so bright,
The river sparkled like diamonds,
But now, 'tis misty as night.

The clouds—they now seem drifts,
And hang so low down the sky;
But I'll ply my paddle briskly,
And I'll reach home by-and-by.

This barge—it was strong and steady
When I started fresh from the moor,
But now, how worn and shaky!
And I so far off from shore.

I wonder what ails my paddle?
I sure picked the best of the lot.
It worked all right when steady,
But now it ain't worth a groat.

Dear me! Is my eyesight going?
The river seems nothing but foam.
And night—will it overtake me?
Before I can reach my home?

I can't see a thing before me,
Yet I must be nearing the moor;
Let me get my anchor ready
By the time I reach the shore.

Ah! I feel all stiff and weary.
My paddle, grown heavy, must fall.
Can my little boat be drifting?
Will they answer me if I call?

"Halloo! Halloo!" came weak and faint
From the trembling voice, "most
gone!"

The old man's paddle was floating off,
But he—he was safe at home.
RUBY MONROE GLASCOCK.

The Baggage Smasher.
The baggage smasher's on his job,
Winning fresh laurels daily.
Though not supposed sent out to reb,
Does that thing quite as gaily.
As if he found the sweetest bliss
"Trunk bustin", scattering tresses,
And lingarie from India
And Worth-made Paris dresses.

Imagine, if you can, the fuss
By some homesick maiden;
(One of the forty-year class—plus)
Does that thing quite as gaily.
Before her eyes, kindling to flame,
Boots, beer bottles, rolled linen;
She tries in vain to call the name

Of things not worn by wimen.

Watch, please, the bachelor's sullen
frown
Unpacking piles of wreckage
Saved from a suit-case not his own.

A woman's curious package;
Suspends the scented junk by strings,
Adjusts his ogling glasses,
He swears and sighs, surveys the
things

As piece by piece he passes.
A lost trunk's strap, a tag attached,
To one old gent he handed
The baggage buster had detached.

And instantly demanded
The pay for hauling same, and spake
Rough with his daily "Jag on":
"The companies make the carters take
Each piece that has a tag on."

D. H. KENNY.
1725 North Street, Philadelphia.

The Birthplace of Father Ryan.
(Father Abram J. Ryan, the poet-
priest of the South, was born and spent
his early boyhood in a large brick
mansion lately standing on the east
side of the Tanner's Creek Road, a
few yards from the creek, and now
just outside of the city (Norfolk)
limits. The kitchen or annex is still
standing.)

Faded and old, time-stained, of Eng-
lish brick.

Fetches centuries ago across the sea;
'Twas here it stood, the selfsame road
as now

Did border it; the river then, as now,
Sang lullabys unto the babe, new born,
That should entrance, in years that
after came,

The world, with ravishment of his
sweet songs.

Within the room where sprang the
hard to life
I've stood enrapt; an infant's wall
breaks out

On the soft air, for to take on this
life.

The wise ones say, is painful as to die.
'Twas here in childhood's ecstasy he
played

Here listened to the birds that sang
him songs—
Sang, and he knew not that in after
years

Mixed with the river's low, sweet
melody.
Made up the music of his own, when he
burnished anew the sword of Robert
Lee.

And made more stainless what was
pure before.

H. L. W.
Lee Camp, Soldiers' Home.

Hung immortelles upon it, wreathed
with those
Green willow branches that still droop
in tears,

All loving and all holy; nor the blade,
All flaming, wherewith once the Ga-
briel drove

The great archangel from the courts
of heaven,
Gleamed brighter when the blind bard,
with a light

Of vision like to Moses', saw his God—
Saw, and saw not, on Sinai's awful
crest.

Lo! there before me, as a dreamer sees,
Real and unreal, transixed upon the
sky,
Crimsoned in glory, though 'twas drip-
ping blood,

The red cross of the battle Jackson
loved;

And by it stood the figure of a man
In hallowed robe and vestments, bent
with years

Of loving toil, and at his beck there
came
An angel, who did roll that banner up
And gave it him, and gently led him
Beyond the shadows—he had longed
for rest.

H. L. W.
Lee Camp, Soldiers' Home.

First and
Broad Sts.

Faulkner & Warriner Co.

The Most
and Best for
Your Money

Wise Buying Brings Rich Bargains

A number of unusual "finds" in the way of sample lines, job lots and forced sales were made by our experienced buyers the past week. Thus the cream of merchandise goes on sale Monday at record-making bargains. But a few are mentioned. Thousands await you. Come!

Many Suits and Coats Picked Up

That is, they were secured from one of the leading ready-to-wear garment houses in the East. A South-
ern merchant, suddenly confronted by dull trade and
little money, cancelled a large order. The Suits and
Coats were already on the road. They were offered
us at our price. Monday, while they last, you take
choice at these prices:

Long Black Coat of fine quality light
weight, horse, with silk and velvet trim-
mings, for **\$10.00**

Ladies' Long Coat, new ripple back and
trimmed with silk braid; \$12.50 value..... **\$7.98**

Ladies' Long Black Coats, trimmed in straps
and buttons, for **\$6.98**

Ladies' Long Coat Suits, in black and colors, all
satin lined and satin trimmed, newest cut
and material; worth \$19.00, for..... **\$14.98**

Ladies' Plain Tailored or Fancy Trimmed Suits of
chevron or stripe material, well made, and
great bargain **\$17.00**

Ladies' Black and Blue Chevron Suits,
coat and skirt trimmed in satin buttons, for

\$19.00

Lace Curtains

Two exceptional bargains in Not-
tingham Lace Curtains. These are
better made and a little longer than
you usually get at these prices:

\$1.50 Curtains **\$1.19**
\$2.00 Curtains **\$1.59**

Bolster Cases

Made of a fine quality cotton, that
will launder well; two yards long;
satin lined, in satin, two ends, 1
2c value **19c**

Curtain Swiss

36 inches wide and very fine
quality, with figures and **12½c**
dots; a bargain

Two Big Bargains

In Ladies' Raincoats; only eight in
the lot; sizes broken is the cause
of such a price:

\$10.00 value **\$4.98**
\$12.50 value **\$7.98**

Long Kimonos

We secured from a manufacturer
a few dozen Long Kimonos, made
of a good quality flannelette,
trimmed in satin, two ends, 1
2c value, for..... **\$1.00**

\$7.50 Broadcloth Skirt \$5
Made of a good quality broad-
cloth; newest styles buttons down
the front; only one restriction is
we can only sell you black; **\$5.00**

25c Sheetting 19c
Unbleached Sheetting, double bed
width, extra heavy round thread.
This was among a lot of domestics
that we just received at a great
sacrifice.

Monday Sale Dress Goods

A large mill had a surplus stock that it had to
turn into cash. We accepted their figures on a variety
of the greatest Dress Goods values ever known to our
store. Of course the lot consists of only one or two
pieces of a kind, and the prices are cut accordingly.

Mixed Suitings, 36 inches wide, half wool in dark
patterns—red, blue, brown and gray; 50c goods
for **25c**

Serges, Cheviots, Panamas and Suitings that
sold from 75c to 85c a yard; Monday at **59c**

Mixed Suitings, Broadcloths, Panamas and Storm
Serges, some of them are 50 inches wide; \$1.00
goods; Monday **59c**

Broadcloths, 42 inches wide; the best quality
goods and finish, that sold at \$1.25; for Monday..... **98c**

Blankets at Special Prices
But three are mentioned to give you an inkling of
others still.

11-4 White Blanket, \$2.50 value..... **\$1.79**
11-4 White Blanket, \$2.75 value..... **\$1.98**
11-4 White Wool Blanket, \$5.00 value..... **\$3.98**

15c Pillow Cases 11c
Bleached Pillow Cases, 42x36 and
45x38, made of a good quality cot-
ton; well made. This is the best
value we have sold in twelve
months.

Dress Nets
Dotted and figured, white, cream
and colored embroidered dots, will
be sold Monday at almost half price;
all 45 inches wide.

75c and 85c qualities..... **50c**
\$1.25 qualities **98c**

Underwear Bargains
Children's Heavy Fleece or Half-
Wool Pants and Vests; 75c
quality for **50c**

Children's All-Cotton Fleece
Lined Vests and Pants for..... **25c**

Ladies' Vests and Pants or Union
Suits, fleece lined, worth 39c,
for **25c**

Children's 25c Vests and
Pants **19c**

Infants' Fleece Lined Vests
for **15c**

\$5.00 Silk Waists \$3.98
Not estimated value, but a real
\$5.00 value Taffeta Silk, as well as
Messalines, black, blue and brown.

Short Lengths
In Cutting Cloth; not remnants, but
good, desirable lengths; 10 to 20
yards in each piece; all light colors,
stripes, checks and plaids; a 5c
bargain **5c**

35c and 40c Flannels 25c
White, Red, Tan and Gray Flan-
nel; these three numbers and colors
we have just received at a great
reduction. Do not miss them.

Dorothy Dodd
SHOES

\$3
to
\$4



The average woman is no enemy to comfort, but
there is little comfort to be gotten out of the shoes
that most women buy. They don't even pretend to
be comfortable till you have "broken them in," and
after that they are soon worn out. It is different
with "Dorothy Dodd" Shoes. They are comfortable
from the very first hour because they are made on
lasts which exactly reproduce the human foot.

(Try a single pair.)

F. W. DABNEY & CO.,
THIRD AND BROAD STREETS.